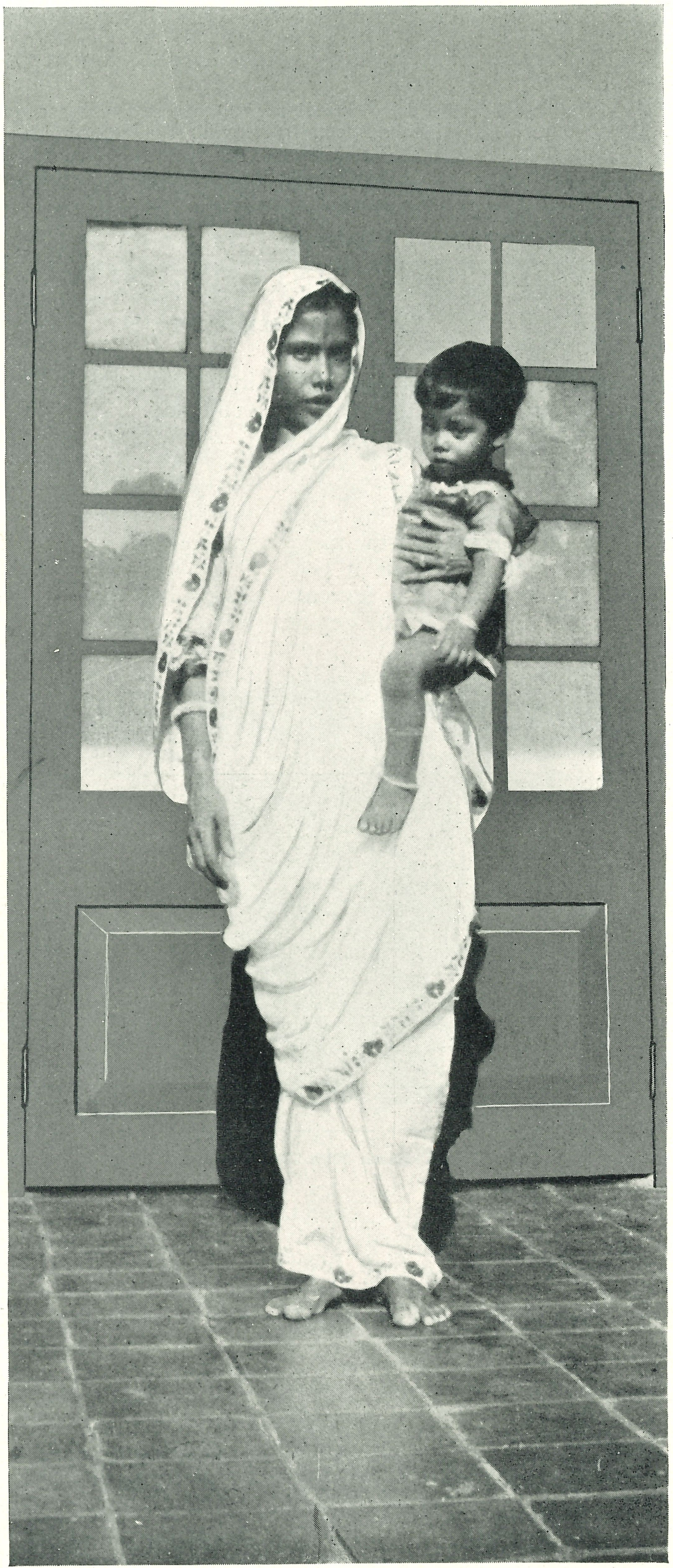
THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY



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The MEDICAL MISSIONARY

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WITH OUR SISTERS IN "PINDI"

By ANNA DENGEL, M. D.

IT WAS eight years since I left Rawalpindi but, when I drove through the gateway, it seemed to me that I had only been away for a holiday everything was so familiar. Of course the hospital was new, but I had had a fair idea of it from pictures and descriptions. At the sight of the fine building, the remembrance of the many and generous sacrifices which had made it possible, flashed through my mind, and a fervent: "God bless the benefactors" rose from the depths of my heart.

The hospital was not very busy but some of the patients required a great deal of care. One poor woman, a Bengali Catholic, was a pitiful sight. She was an epileptic and had fallen into the fire in a fit. Her whole face had been burnt. She became totally blind, and her mouth was so contracted that she could only take liquids. Once a week, with great difficulty, she receives Holy Communion. On the whole, she was the picture of the patience of Job. Her husband, who was a cook, every now and then regaled us with delicious curry and rice or with Indian sweets.

The Little Children With Their Writing Books and Boards

The day I arrived a young mother of about sixteen years was brought in with a high fever and all the symptoms of septicaemia. She was the innocent victim of a native *Dhai!* (midwife) —just one of many. When the relatives realized that she was beyond recovery, they took her home. She died the following day.

An Indian woman, who is the village teacher, had neuritis of the arm. She was very conversational and told me that by dint of hard work in overcoming opposition, she had succeeded in having a nice school for girls. She had 45 pupils. She stressed the fact that she was teaching them geography and knitting. I noticed that she actually had a toothbrush hanging over her bed—more, I think, as a sign of enlightenment, than for actual use. She gave me her address written in beautiful Urdu, and asked me to go to see her some day.

Then, there was a Catholic Sweeper's child in convulsions. Apparently, she had been brought to the hospital quite against the mother's wishes, for she looked quite sulky when I saw her. When the child was better, however, she cheered up.

Besides other Indian patients there was an Anglo-Indian and a European lady. They come and go as in any hospital.

The Dispensary was the liveliest place. In the morning the women come with all sorts of ailments, major and minor. Many of their ills were due to the lack of proper medical care at the time it was needed. The children had fever, infected eyes, skin, or digestive troubles. At certain times of the year there are a great many cases of bronchitis and pneumonia.

The work was just the same as it was years ago except for the fact that I saw the result of great progress. Many more women were literate; most of the little boys and girls—in the city at least—went to school; the people were less prejudiced against staying in the hospital, and they were all very friendly—some extremely so.

The new building housed Our Lord in a nice little chapel and provided quarters for our sisters. It will accommodate the student nurses when the numbers warrant it. It was a spacious and solid building. Rev. Father Ellison, a Mill Hill Father there, supervised the construction. The result was much to his credit and to our benefit, the work being much facilitated by proper quarters.

Our Chapel was still the parish church of the native city. On Sundays, however, the congregation was too large for it, so Rev. Father Lavery, our Chaplain, said Mass in one of the rooms which was enlarged by opening folding doors.

The other day there was a wedding in the

(Continued on page 8)

A DAY ON THE GANGES

By SISTER M. LAETITIA

THE trip down the river from Dacca to Goalundo, on the way to Calcutta was an interesting one. At this time of the year, the river is quite high, the tragic, starvation-bringing floods having not yet started as it is only the beginning of the monsoon. Although when I left Dacca it was pouring in real monsoon style, later the sun shone through the dark clouds and I enjoyed several pleasant, almost cool, hours on the river.

It is always amusing to see the little shops temporarily erected in the water for about ten minutes while the ship stops at little villages along the way. These shops consist of high, wooden stands pitched as near to the boat as possible. On the top, the vendor arranges his wares which usually consist of sweets, fruits, and vegetables and, standing up to the waist or even to the neck in water, he plies a brisk trade. Others fix an earthenware vessel on a long pole and swim out to the boat, somehow managing not to upset it on the way—although at moments one wonders by what law of gravity the contents succeed in clinging to the shallow container in which they rest. Even milkmen come swimming out with their dirty buckets of milk. Poor things! One's heart aches for them! In these days of depression they cannot even sell the milk for a few *pice* a *seer* (2 pice=1 cent). The cultivators seemed to be suffering more than anyone—a fact common to all countries at such times.

Meeting the Boat

One sight was very unusual—beggar women and beggar boys standing up to their necks in the water holding out tins, fixed on long bamboos to the boat. One little fellow about nine years old was a real gold-digger. He swam and floated and kicked his way almost to the boat, but alas, could not quite make it. Suddenly, he saw me, the only white face on the boat, and his hope of *bakhshish* ran high. He made Olympian efforts to reach me. I opened my purse and he became almost frantic in his attempts to get a little nearer. Gurgling and gasping he disappeared beneath the surface, almost being drowned. Finally he gave up the idea of reaching me—much to my relief—but the thought of giving up the *bakhshish* never entered his head. So he sailed, or rather kicked, off to the end of the boat nearer the shore and reached over his begging apparatus to an obliging passenger. The latter passed it along to me for the huge sum of one anna (two cents). However, everyone was well satisfied and passenger and crew undertook to chaperone the anna to its intended recipient, urging the go-between not to steal it.

When the boat proceeded on its way, a Mahommedan doctor whom I knew in Dacca came up to me. He asked me where I was going. I told him that I was on my way to Europe, but would first stop off at Palestine. Upon hearing this, he was much interested and, rather to my surprise, told me what holy places like Bethlehem, Nazareth, and Jerusalem were in the eyes of Mahommeddans on account of Our Lord having lived there. It is really very touching that they honor Our Lord to such an extent. Unfortunately, they place Mahommed first after God, the Father, although they have great respect for the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity.

Suddenly, he turned and said: "Will you see the Pope of Jerusalem?" I explained that such a person did not exist, but that I probably would see the present Pope in Rome. He was much surprised. Evidently, he thought that Popes abounded in Europe.

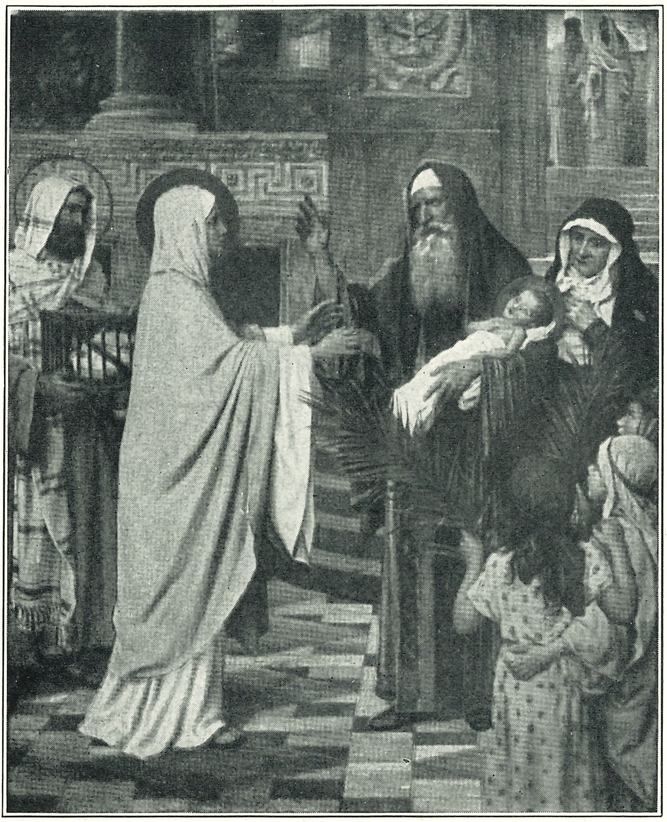
As the boat drew near Goalundo we parted. What a great day it will be, I thought, when we are able to number all these people among the Christians, for some of them are such fine characters. But, to do that, we need earnest, willing workers who are ready to make any sacrifice to aid in the spread of our Holy Religion.

The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is a religious community founded for the purpose of bringing medical aid to the foreign mission field. Please address enquiries to: Dr. Anna Dengel, Catholic Medical Mission House, Brookland, Washington, D. C.

CANDLEMAS DAY

CHRISTMAS is over. The shepherds have gone back to their flocks. The infant has been given the name, Jesus. The Epiphany has passed and the three kings have started on their homeward journey. In short, the first three acts of that wonderful drama have been played for all time, and now the curtain rises on the fourth.

The forty days of Mary's purification are up. Obediently she carries out every precept of the Law of Moses. It matters not that her Infant was born of a virgin. She has submitted to exclusion from the Sanctuary for 40 days and now she and Joseph take the Child to the temple to offer Him to the Lord, and in His behalf a pair of turtle doves or two young pigeons. Didn't the Law read: "And when the days of her purification are expired, for a son, or for a daughter, she shall bring to the door of the tabernacle of the testimony, a lamb of a year old for a holocaust, and a young pigeon or a turtle for sin, and shall deliver them to the priest. . . . And if her hand find not sufficiency and she is not able to offer a lamb, she shall take two turtles, or two young pigeons, one for a holocaust and another for sin. . ." Lev. XII: 6, 8.



"Behold this Child is set for the fall and for the resurrection of many in Israel"

Mary's hand finds not sufficiency, however, to offer a "Lamb of a year old," the offering of the rich, as a holocaust for her Son, Jesus, the Redeemer of all mankind, born of the illustrious house of David.

They are mounting the steps to the temple. Perhaps Joseph would carry the Child for Mary, but she with a mother's solicitude fears lest He will not be kept warm enough. It is winter. She holds Him close beneath her mantle. No winter wind shall chill her Babe. Joseph meekly carries the turtle doves.

They enter the temple. Simeon, a man of Jerusalem, looked on by all as just and devout—he who has been for years patiently awaiting the coming of Jesus—inspired by the Holy Ghost is drawn to the temple. His failing eyesight dimly perceives Mary and Joseph with the Child. Something urges him forward. His pulse quickens. This is no ordinary family. Is it the long-expected One? He approaches and takes the Child in his arms. The wrinkled Hebrew face becomes alight with joy. Hadn't the Holy Ghost promised that he should not see death until he had seen Christ the Lord? Holding Him tenderly, reverently, he looks searchingly into the baby face, then blessing God he says: "Now thou dost dismiss thy servant, O Lord, according to thy word in peace: because my eyes have seen thy salvation." Luke II: 29, 30.

Mary and Joseph are wondering at these things which he speaks concerning Him. Perhaps the old man senses their wonder, for he blesses them and then turning to Mary, he says: "Behold this child is set for the fall and for the resurrection of many in Israel and for a sign which shall be contradicted; and thy own soul a sword shall pierce that out of many hearts, thoughts may be revealed." Luke II: 34, 35.

Then, a widow "Far advanced in years," Anna by name, who "Departed not from the temple, by fastings and prayers serving night and day" comes in and confesses to the Lord and speaks of Him to all who look for the redemption of Israel.

The curtain falls. The first Candlemas Day is ended.

No doubt in the earliest times, Candlemas Day was celebrated in the Church of Jerusalem, but the earliest record we have of it is in the first half of the fourth century when it was attested to by the pilgrim of Bordeaux, Egeria or Silvia. It was then celebrated on the 14th of February, which was 40 days after Epiphany, by a solemn procession to the Constantinian Basilica of the Resurrection. This proved that Epiphany was at that time in Jerusalem the Feast of Christ's birth. In the 7th century the feast appears under the title of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary and the procession is not mentioned.

In the East it was celebrated as a feast of Our Lord and in the West as a Feast of Mary. The blessing of candles did not come into common use before the 11th century.

In the Roman Missal, after the candles are blessed, there is a solemn procession, all the partakers carrying lighted candles, while the choir sings the antiphon composed by St. John of Damascus (latter half of 7th century) "Adorna thalamum tuum, Sion." This procession represents the entry of Christ, who is the Light of the World, into the Temple of Jerusalem.

The church has used candles from the earliest times, not just as a means of giving light, but to enhance the splendor of her ceremonials. We read that the heretic Vigilantius, towards the close of the 4th century, made it a reproach against the orthodox that while the sun was still shining, they lighted great piles of candles, and St. Jerome in reply declared that the candles were lighted when the Gospel was read, not, indeed, to put darkness to flight, but as a sign of joy. (Migne, P. L.) The wax, made by the virgin bees, typifies the flesh of Jesus Christ born of a virgin mother, while the wick typifies the Soul of Christ and the flame the Divinity which absorbs and dominates them both. (Cath. Encycl.)

"Candlemas Day!" as Mother Mary Loyola so beautifully expreses it, "What a day this is for Light! The Liturgy is aglow with it. The churches, like firmaments, tell the glory of the Lord who comes to His Temple. At the words of the aged Simeon, star after star shines forth to welcome Him. With lights we stand at the Gospel to meet the bridegroom. With light again, we make ready to greet Him at the Consecration, and there in our hands it remains, testifying to our faith and hope and love, till He disappears from the altar to enter our hearts in Holy Communion."

THE SOCIETY AT HOME AND ABROAD

WASHINGTON

1933 has thus far been uneventful for us. Sister M. Eleanor and Sister M. Leonie are studying hard for their mid-year examinations at Trinity College, as is Sister Alma at the Women's Medical College in Philadelphia.

Sister M. Paul has written us from Port Said. She arrived in London just in time for a Thanksgiving dinner. After resting there for a few days—if the religious life plus sightseeing can be termed "resting"—she went to Paris. From there she took a train to Marseilles, the port of embarkation for India.

RAWALPINDI

Sister Christine writes us that Josephine, the youngest orphan baby, took her flight to heaven. Sister Christine, the tender-hearted procurator, realizing her responsibility for providing the necessaries, decided as coffins were expensive, to make one herself. After working on it the whole morning—she is a very good carpenter—she produced a coffin that could not be surpassed in all India. It was beautifully lined inside and covered on the outside. That afternoon they laid little Josephine to rest.

CATHOLIC MEDICAL

After the Holidays

DACCA

From Sister M. Laetitia we hear the very gratifying news that the first class of nurses completing its course under the supervision of our sisters at the Mitford Hospital, Dacca, with one exception, successfully passed the Calcutta examination, equivalent to our State Board examination. One nurse passed, with honors, the highest in Bengal.

Christmas seems long past when letters from busy missionaries arrive in February telling us of their own Christmas and the little dinners of curry and rice and other pleasant festive arrangements for the people and nurses under their care. Sister Mary Laetitia tells us that she was overwhelmed with bouquets at Christmas. Early on Christmas morning a hospital coolie brought her a bunch of flowers which of course he had picked in the hospital compound. She gave him the royal gift of a rupee, which news spread like wild fire. The result was that the whole morning she received bouquets, all from the same source. Needless to say, the gallant gentlemen did not all receive rupees, but it did not discourage them.

DR. AGNES McLAREN (1837-1913)

(Note—This is the continuation of the abridged translation from the French of the life of Dr. Agnes McLaren, the great pioneer doctor who initiated Catholic medical mission work in the Punjab.)

Synopsis: Dr. Agnes McLaren came of a Scottish clan dating back to the 6th century. Her father, Duncan, a Presbyterian, who at 12 was a draper's apprentice, rose to be one of the first merchants and most renowned citizens of Edinburgh. In 1848, a few years after the death of his second wife, he married a Quaker, Priscilla Bright. By this marriage Agnes and two other children were born. The McLaren family lived at Newington Hall in great harmony and happiness.

Agnes, having her father's simplicity, his sense of duty and public spirit became a devoted friend of the poor. She joined the congregation of the Rev. McGuthrie, the founder of the Ragged Schools. Her health began to fail and she was sent abroad. When she returned she became very active in the cause of Women's Suffrage. In 1885, her father having retained his seat in Parliament for 20 years, resigned. In 1886 he died.

Chapter IV

On the death of her father, Agnes became the possessor of an ample fortune and could look forward from henceforth to devoting herself to her cherished studies, breaking into them by trips abroad in the pursuit of art, learning, and pleasure, and for the benefit of her health. Apparently she reproached herself at this time for not doing more for others, for she often repeated to her friends: "I feel myself a traitor, when my life does not include some work for the welfare of my fellow creatures." She resolved to utilize the gifts of God for a more useful object than that of Women's Suffrage by serving others in the practice of medicine. Having come to this decision, she bent every effort to realize her plan.

In order to see this important decision in its proper setting in Agnes' life, it is necessary to look back a few years. Many of her friends had felt the same ambition and had made a beginning in Edinburgh where they had to combat with many difficulties to obtain at the University a legal standing and the necessary facilities for practical or speculative studies. The opposition instead of dying down, became so violent that at the end of two years these women left Edinburgh to see if they could pursue their medical and surgical studies elsewhere. The doctors of the faculty who had acted thus, read, perhaps, in this movement another manifestation of the Women's Suffrage movement which they thought to be contrary to the well-being of the nation.

THE SAINTS OF GOD

The Saints of God
With love aflame,
All labor wrought
In Christ's sweet Name!
All suff'rings bore
All hardships met,
All torments stood
Without regret.
All gladly laid
Them down to die,
To gain the crown
Of Life, so high!
The Saints of God
In Patience stood
To grieve with Christ
Upon the Wood!
To share His woe,
To bear all blame,
To live and die
In His Sweet Name!

The Bengalese.

At about this time the University of Edinburgh, exclusive of the Faculty of Medicine, began to inaugurate courses for women. Agnes was keenly interested in this enterprise as well as in one which had for its object the training of nurses. All of these things led to her determination to study medicine and to receive the doctorate.

Her friends were very much disappointed when they heard of her intention. "Why," said they, "Give up your present sphere of work and engage in such a bizarre career, full of uncertainties?" But Agnes' strength of will overcame all obstacles and she resolved to go abroad and complete her studies. She was then 38 years of age.

"Is not medicine," she said, "one of the best means of helping suffering humanity? Has not Christ said to those who reproached him with eating and drinking with publicans and sinners: 'They that are well need not a physician, but they that are ill?' Yes, Christ is the supreme physician. During His mortal life the sight of suffering stirred up His pity, He cured them by miracles; those who work to cure them by science and devotion are sure to please Him, since they follow in His steps."

With these sentiments Agnes set herself resolutely to find out where she could most easily and usefully complete her studies to obtain a doctor's degree. To practice medicine legally, this degree was necessary.

Her family and friends not only were opposed to her studying medicine, but they feared for her health if she went abroad. More than that, they could not reconcile themselves to the loss of her gentle presence. However, nothing would deter her. She believed in the dictum of her father: "Nothing is impossible; one ought at least to try."

To give herself every chance for success, she wished to seek advice. In spite of her prejudices against Catholicism, by a happy inconsistency, she visited the most distinguished Catholic churchmen, Cardinal Newman and Cardinal Manning. In the one, she appreciated a beautiful mind and depth of character; in the other, the experience and the wisdom of his practical counsels. So, anxious to make her medical studies in France, she went to the latter to ask him to direct her as to the most suitable place.

Cardinal Manning advised her to go to Montpellier where there was a very celebrated school of medicine. Later, she found in the Bishop of the Diocese there, Monsignor de Cabrieres—later Cardinal—that sincere and affable charity which was so suitable to her disposition. Besides giving Agnes a letter for the Bishop of Montpellier, she was given others for Mr. Cazelles, prefect of the department, for Mr. Martin, director of the Botanical Garden, and for Mr. Jordon, librarian of the university.

JE SUIS L'IMMACULÉE CONCEPTION

OUR LADY OF LOURDES
Whose Feast is celebrated on February 11

Monsignor de Cabrieres, indeed, was the man chosen by Providence. If his birth enabled him to appreciate the old society, his intellect, his good heart, his eminently priestly spirit enabled him to understand the needs, the aspirations, the expedients of the new society. He was a great admirer and imitator of the apologists of the last century—Wiseman, Newman, Manning, and Lacordaire. Imbued with the spirit of Lacordaire and especially with the spirit of his order, of which Monsignor de Cabrieres was a tertiary, he was gifted with clear vision and delicate tact, both necessary to treat with the many persons who though not Catholic by birth, have, nevertheless, a veneration for the truth, a spirit of devotedness to the poor and unhappy, a sincere piety and a practice of christian virtues which would make more than one Catholic blush. Grace works in its own time; in vain would one anticipate its working. "For who hath known the mind of the Lord? Or who hath been His counsellor? How unsearchable are His ways!" (Rom. XI: 33, 34).

The Bishop in speaking of her says:

"Miss McLaren, profiting by a sojourn in London, revealed to Cardinal Manning her desire to devote herself to the care of the sick of her sex and asked him to recommend her in France to some persons whose rank and position would enable them to help her to obtain an entrance into any school of medicine. The Cardinal chose Montpellier, perhaps because of the mild climate of the town, or, because of the reputation of the school whose professors commanded respect by the dignity of their lives and by an evident regard for religious beliefs.

"Thus I saw this stranger arrive, one of reserved and retiring attitude, determined to obtain her university degree, however laboriously. To comply with the earnest recommendation of the cardinal, who praised highly Miss McLaren and her parents, I asked the eminent Dr. Combal to facilitate her admission in the lecture rooms of the Faculty of Montpellier, to guide her in her studies, and to recommend her to the solicitude of the professors.

"Miss McLaren spent several years here, very perseveringly, very assiduously engaged in her work, taking, after the cessation of the courses no more rest than some religious houses offered her and then only to pray the more freely. She passed the usual examinations successfully and received at the end of her years of study, the degree of doctor of medicine together with the unanimous expression of esteem from her teachers.

"During all this time Miss McLaren never showed any intention of entering the Catholic Church. Though she was serious, grave, thoughtful and even austere, she was none the less gentle and charitable. Her piety, augmented by a spirit of humility and a habit of silence seemed profound."

The practical aspect of the study of anatomy was to her a serious difficulty which she had to overcome. At that time, it must have been a repugnant and humiliating task for her to dissect those almost putrified corpses side by side with the students. The interference of Cardinal Cabrieres settled this, and the private classes given by Professor Carrien, then surgeon—later head of the clinic—gave her the opportunity of studying without being under the curious, sometimes mocking or even insolent looks of the young university students.

At the end of two years she prepared herself for the examinations for the medical degree. She dedicated her thesis to Dr. Pantaleoni, Senator of the Kindom of Italy (he had taken care of her during her sojourn in Rome) and to her brother, Dr. Mathews Duncan. Presiding over the oral examination was Dr. Combal. Though speaking French with a certain difficulty, the rebuttal was the most brilliant in form. She was admitted to the profession and warmly congratulated by all. To her was given the honor of being the first woman whom the faculties of Montpellier crowned as a doctor of medicine.

"When I have to do a thing that turns to the greater glory of God, the financial question never worries me, for I am certain that Divine Providence will supply all the material needs." Don Bosco.

Promote Medical Missions by subscribing to "The Medical Missionary." Subscription, $1 a year. Address, "The Medical Missionary," Brookland, Washington, D. C.

WITH OUR SISTERS IN "PINDI"

(Continued from page 2)

chapel. When the priest said to the bridegroom: *"Hath pakro"* (take the hand of . . .) the latter thought he said *"Bal pakro"* (pull the hair) so he proceeded to give Father's hair a good pull. Being a recent convert, it was probably the first christian wedding he had witnessed. Those who are blessed with a sense of humor have many a feast in the missions.

I called on the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary. They had converted St. Catherine's, the hospital where I had worked, into a school for girls. There were about 80 little Indian boarders, all in Indian dress. Besides them, they had a number of day pupils whom they collected in a bus. Pindi was quite modern in that respect. It was a treat to see the schoolrooms, they were all so simple and kept in Indian style.

I found that eight years had brought many changes. Some of the missionaries I knew: Rt. Rev. Monsignor Winkley, the Prefect Apostolic, and Father John Mullan, O. B. E., the parish priest here, had gone to their reward. New missionaries full of zeal and energy had taken their place. But the Hindu and Mohammedan faces seemed the same. There were the same veiled figures of women, the bright saris and bejewelled faces, hands and feet. The streets were as picturesquely untidy as before and the lanes full of crowds of men, cows, goats, mosquitoes and flies.

Though the depression seemed to make itself bitterly felt, progress was going on. All the little children with their writing boards and books were witness to it. Hand in hand with this general enlightenment would be the progress of medical work. Altogether, there was every reason to work on steadily and patiently, to drop the seed and trust in God to give the increase in His own good time.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE

Father John Mullan, O. B. E., M. C., a pioneer member of St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society of Mill Hill, London, has been called to his eternal home.

Father Mullan's long and arduous missionary life was spent in the Prefecture of Kashmir and Kafristan in the extreme north of India. There he labored as a zealous missionary from 1895-1928.

During his apostolic work, Father Mullan saw the need of medical activity in missionary endeavor. He was strong and foremost in encouraging the founding of a community whose members would devote their lives to the care of the sick in mission lands.

We recall, with deep appreciation, the advice and unfailing helpfulness of this veteran priest of God who, in the early days of the Society, did much to lighten the task of the Medical Missionaries.

REV. MICHAEL A. MATHIS, C.S.C., and
REV. JOHN MULLAN, O.B.E., M.C.

THERE ARE 170,000 MISSIONARIES

Today our Catholic missionaries piously and sincerely hoping to cheer, comfort and console our depressed, worried, anxious and almost hopeless people say: "Arise, look about you and be cheered. Nearly 170,000 Bishops, priests, brothers, sisters, catechists, doctors and nurses are uncomplainingly suffering and serving in the Home and Foreign Mission fields. In every part of the civilized and uncivilized world the Cross of Christ and Catholicity glistens from grand cathedral or crumbling chapel.

"Over 350,000,000 of peoples from all nationalities are shepherded in the True Fold of the Catholic Church. Hundreds of millions of Christians, because of our Mission work at least acknowledge the Divine Kingship of Jesus Christ. Even non-believers have been influenced and ennobled by Christ's doctrine which we have spread throughout the world.

"Through the Mission movement Christ's charity is actually fermenting the universal mass of humanity constituting Christ, King of the World in influence if not in acknowledgment and adoration. Lift up your eyes round about and see and think and you will realize that you have justifiable and plentiful cause to hope and rejoice."—*Baltimore Catholic Review.*

"Deal with the faults of others as gently as with your own"—(Old Chinese proverb.)